

"A DASH FOR TIMBER."

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

This interesting canvas was presented to the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts by the Fall Festivities Association of 1893. It shows a mounted squad of Western scouts, pursued by a band of Indians. Several of the scouts have turned in their saddles to fire at their pursuers. To the left is a group of trees toward which the men are hastening for shelter. There is blazing sunshine, and the shadows in contrast

with it are deep purple in effect. There is almost photographic literalness in the drawing of the horses and figures, but the technique is broad and has in it much of the vigor and dash of the subject.

Frederic Remington has been an illustrator for so long a time that there is always a suggestion of it in his paintings. Figures are forced to the foreground, producing a photographic effect. This, however, does not detract from the general effect of his pictures. He seeks to outline the frontier West, and his subjects portray a phase of life now rapidly going out of existence.

A DAY WITH THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.

HOW A MAN OR WOMAN WITHOUT MONEY, HOME OR FRIENDS MAY FIND ASSISTANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

We stood in Robbin's lane—the small boy with a big basket on his arm, the tall man with a threadbare coat and I—for we had read on the sign at the corner of the Provident Association building, that "applicants for aid" must apply at the door that opens on Robbin's lane.

The November wind swept down the street with a chilling gust that whirled the dust and sent it flying into our eyes. We were glad, therefore, that we did not have to stand long outside of the big red brick building. The applicant for aid is not kept waiting for a looked door to be unlocked. He steps into the vestibule at once, and through another unlocked door, to his left, into the little office room where he makes his wants known.

The small boy, the tall man and I entered at once. It was early in the day, scarcely 9 o'clock, but there were others ahead of us. These others, perhaps, had spent a restless and uncomfortable night with haunting fears of the poverty that awaited them upon the morrow, and a bare cupboard that could not supply even so much as a crust for breakfast had at last driven them out to seek aid of the charitable.

Carefully Groomed Old Man An Applicant for Aid.

Among those who awaited their turns was an old man, a thorough example of the shabby gentile. His worn clothes were spotlessly clean, his fine soft white beard and hair bespoke years of careful grooming. His features were refined, and there was in his face and bearing an unmistakable sign of pride that sat well upon him. There was something in his eyes, too, which more than hinted at the conflict that had gone before his appearance in this place, and the final manly resignation to the inevitable.

The stranger and curious would not have found it in his heart to pry into his misfortune. One had but to glance at him to feel sure that it was not for himself alone that he sought aid, but for some dependent one for whom he was unable to care.

In a low voice he told his story to the young man who sat behind the railing in the association's reception-room, received his ticket with a number written on it, and was told to go to the men's waiting-room until his number was called.

The tall man in the threadbare coat next stepped before the clerk. He represented a case that had been "investigated," so was sent to the men's waiting-room with a numbered ticket until his well-known wants could be met with provisions for the sick wife and hungry children at home, and a bundle of clothing that was warm, if not the latest in cut. A nurse had already been sent to care for the invalid wife.

Child Who Begged Bread For Sick Mother.

The small boy with the big basket slipped down to the waiting room. He had a basket

voice that would have alarmed a cautious mother with its signal of approaching trouble. He told the young man at the desk that his mother had sent him for some bread and coffee—that all the children were sick; that there was no fire, and they were awfully hungry. His little hands were blue with the cold, and his pinched face made the story of scanty fare appeal to one as being true beyond doubt. Here was one of the cases that the association classifies as "emergency." In such cases relief is given at once, and investigation follows later. If this should prove in the end to be a case of fraud there would be but an unwise expenditure of 42 cents on the part of the Provident Association; just the cost at wholesale prices of the provisions that were tucked into the boy's basket.

Had my case been one that had been "investigated" and I had been found "worthy," I would have followed the boy with the big basket, received a numbered ticket and waited until I was called to go to the storeroom and receive the provisions that I had said I needed. Next, had my garments been old and worn, I would have gone to the cloakroom and there been fitted with warmer and better ones, each having fixed upon it a price—shoes, stockings and all. To pay for these, being without work, homeless and friendless, I could have worked for the association in lieu of cash payment. There is always plenty of work in the sewing-rooms and laundry for willing woman-hands. Had working anywhere seemed next to impossible because I had a small child to care for, this difficulty would have been removed by the placing of the youngster in the day nursery, paying from the wages

that I was about to earn 5 cents each day for the care of the child.

Destitute Mother's Story of Sickness and Starvation.

A destitute mother came next to me. A tiny, wan-faced baby was in her arms. Two small boys tugged at her skirts and seemed to take a lively interest in everything about them, and were not in the least cast down by their sorry plight. The mother, with the little brood clad in nondescript raiment, said that she would not have applied to the association for help had not her husband been sick for three months, all the money saved from his wages spent, and nearly all the furniture sold.

There was no coal or wood to burn, and nothing in the house to eat. The children were too small to be left alone, and the sick man needed her care.

There was nothing left to do but ask the Provident Association for aid.

Two big tears dropped on the ragged shawl as the end of the story was reached. The youngsters huddled close to their mother while they waited for their number to be called. When it was, they all went up a flight of steps to a neat, sunny office, where a pleasant-voiced woman clerk conducted an interview with the woman that was brief, but to the point. Later, I saw the youngsters better arrayed for cold weather as they came down the steps from the cloakroom.

Work Is Provided in Well-Appointed Sewing-Room.

The woman out of work and willing to work finds enough awaiting her in the sewing-rooms. Here there are dozens of machines run by electric power, and orders are taken for sewing from the Needlework Guild of the various churches—each member of this guild pledging herself to supply ten garments a year for charitable distribution—and from the big wholesale dry goods houses of St. Louis. One big firm on Washington avenue has just turned into the association an order for 600 dozen men's jumpers.

Wages are fixed at the rate of 5 cents, 7 cents and 10 cents an hour, as the skill of the sewer warrants. As a rule, the women applying to the Provident Association are not expert seamstresses. In addition to their daily wages a warm dinner is served them at noon every day.

The laundry is the busiest department and one of the most important. Here family washings are excellently done at moderate prices. The entire equipment of this department is complete and practical. The laundry is located in the same yard with the women's lodge, No. 1721 North Twelfth street.

The St. Louis Provident Association owns five buildings—the central offices at Seventeenth and Washington avenue, the men's lodge and wood yards at No. 1725 S. Eighth street, the women's lodge and laundry on North Twelfth street, and the coal yards and stables at No. 1714 North Twelfth street.

The Wood Yard at this season is a busy place. There are dozens of men at work sawing and splitting wood that is sold by the association, for which work the men receive wages, some earning as much as a

dollar a day. Last year, through the "worthy poor," the association earned over \$7,000, but expended several thousands more. Thus, the needy poor contributed more than \$7,000 toward their own relief.

Association's Busy Season Begins With the Cold Weather.

The busy season for the Provident Association begins with the cold winds of winter. With frost and snow comes the severest pinch that poverty is capable of. During the summer months it mattered little whether there was a roof that let in the rain or walls through which came the wind. There was not the need of fires, and threadbare garments were more comfortable when the sun shone bright and warm. The children's toes did not turn blue and grow painful when they ran about barefoot.

It is in these days of early winter that General Manager McClain finds his desk heaped high with mail—letters from well-to-do citizens who report cases of destitution that appear worthy of systematic aid; letters of inquiry from other cities regarding people stranded in St. Louis; letters from other charitable institutions reporting the cases that they have looked into to discover whether they belonged within their provinces or needed the help of the Provident Association.

Churches are notified—both Catholic and Protestant—of cases of destitution that properly come within their sphere to relieve. If for any reason assistance is not forthcoming, the Provident Association then takes a hand. Nobody, helpless and for-

lorn, is left unrelieved unless it is discovered that they are impostors.

The association has divided the city into three districts—southern, western and central. Three women go out daily to investigate cases where there are no men at the heads of the families, call upon the needy women and report in writing.

There are now accessible the records of 29,999 investigated cases in the files of the Provident Association. This number is, of course, only a small part of those investigated during the forty-two years of the association's existence.

Three Trained Nurses Care for Emergency Cases.

If there is illness, coupled with poverty, one of the association's trained nurses is dispatched without delay. There are three graduated nurses always busy with the charitable cases.

Where men who are the logical heads of the families are reported as needy, a man from the association goes. He looks carefully into all the details of the case, how much wages are earned and how applied, and if there is good reason for giving assistance it is immediately rendered.

In dealing with its problem, the city's poor, the Provident Association aims to keep the poor man and woman self-respecting. For this reason they are given opportunity to work for what they receive. No publicity is given the charity that is bestowed upon them. While applying to the association for aid every precaution is taken to lessen the embarrassment of the unfortunate individual. Names and addresses of applicants are withheld from the public. The association's wagons are not labeled, and one neighbor does not know that the groceries that are unloaded from a

wagon before another's door are the donations of charity.

Donations of money made by charitable citizens are never applied to any permanent investment, but go directly to relieve the wants of applicants. The buildings have been gifts of individuals. The present association headquarters is a building erected and equipped at a cost of more than \$2,000. This building was a gift from Mr. R. M. Scruggs, president of the association.

Systematic charity does not work slowly and unavailingly in the hands of the St. Louis Provident Association. Thousands of men and women, temporarily disabled through poverty, are annually helped to help themselves—the favorite motto of the association. —MODESTE H. JORDAN.

KING EDWARD SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Apocryphal the King's trip to London from the north the other day I have it from one of the officials that superstition is not unknown in the royal circle. The travelers got out of the train at Stirling to have their dinner and when they were all seated it was discovered that there were thirteen people at the table.

"I am very sorry, my dear fellow," said the King, addressing one of his eunuchs, "but I fear you will have to go to another table. I shall never be able to eat my dinner in peace and comfort so long as we are thirteen, or unless we have another member of the party to make the fourteen."

Just then the stationmaster, a heavy, bulky, stodgy gentleman, stood in the doorway and with a smile lifted up the face of the sovereign as he cried:

"I have it. I shall ask the stationmaster to make the number fourteen."

And he did, much to the astonishment of the frightened official, who was forthwith ordered to sit down and dine at the royal table. You may take it as a certainty that there is a humble Scotch family which will forever cherish the memory of the day when one of its members became distinguished by being asked to dine with King Edward. That is an incident in the history of a family which can never fade from memory.

Meridian of Greenwich.

Greenwich, as an English town, is nothing very remarkable, but as the headquarters of Father Time it is the most important spot on the earth. Its time is in every longitude of the globe, and every land-excepting Spain, Portugal and Russia—measures the hours from its meridian. No navigator on duty is without Greenwich time in sight, and every town and geographical point is known by its distance east or west from the Greenwich observatory.

Ask the time, and the answer is always in even hours ahead or behind Greenwich, or else the exact Greenwich time. In Great Britain, Belgium and Holland you get the Greenwich time. One hour before Greenwich time rules in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, Italy, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland.

So it is around the earth—every tick of every clock regulated by Greenwich time.

That Settled Him.

Dirty Dunnigan (sitting by fire at the roadside): "Mowdy, did you know that soap is made from ordinary fat and so lye, dat's in wood ashes?"

Mowdy Murphy: "Naw! Er dat's de case. I don't let no more fat drop in de sabbat's 'en I'm warnin' up cold hands!" —Brooklyn Eagle.



MAKING APPLICATION FOR FOOD AND WORK.



A STUDY IN DAY NURSERY BATHROOM.



A LITTLE PARTY IN THE DAY NURSERY.